

The contention of the two famous Houses,

I say Somerset is more worthy then Yorke.

Yorke, Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that Yorke hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

Suf. Peace head-strong Warwicke.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because heere is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your Grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master
of high Treason, and his wordes were these: That the Duke of
Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace
was an vsurper.

Yorke. I beseech your Grace let him haue what punishment
the Law will affoord for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm. An't shall please your worship, I neuer sayde any such
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villen
heere.

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke. I beseech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

Armourer. Alas master, hang me if euer I spake the words. My
accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault
the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen
with mee: I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech
your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villaines ac-
cusation.

King. Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Hum. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With Eben staues and Sandbags, combatting
In Smithfield, before your royall Maiesty. *Exit Humfrey.*

Armour. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter

Yorke and Lancaster.

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able for to fight.

Suf. You must either fight sirra, or else be hang'd:
Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exit with them.*

*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutchesse of
Gloster, a boxe on the eare.*

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?
Shee strikes her.

I cry you mercy Madam, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Elnor. Did you not proud French-woman?
Could I come neere your dainty visage with my nayles,
I'd set my ten command'ments in your face.

King. Be patient gentle Auut,
It was against her will.

Elnor. Against her will. Good King shee'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,
But let it rest: as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike Dame Elnor vnreueng'd.

Exit Elnor.

King. Beleue me my loue, thou wert much too blame:
I would not for a thousand pounds of Gold,
My Noble Vnckle had bene heere in place.

Enter Duke Humfrey.

But see where he comes: I am glad he met her not.
Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your Grace,
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinkes your Grace is meetest for to send?

Hum. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breede suspicion on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ore the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so, my Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our right gainst forraine foes,

And